

THE
FABULIST
Metamorphosed,
And
Mythologized.

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OR
THE FABLES
OF ÆSOP,

Translated out of Latine into
English verse, and moralized.

By R. A. Gentleman.

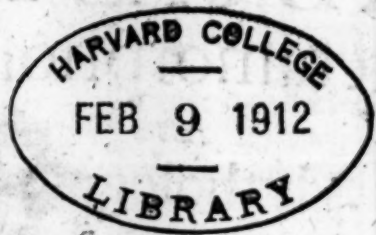
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.



LONDON,

Imprinted by I. H. for Andrew Habb, and are to be
sold at the signe of the Bell in Pauls
Church-yard. 1634.

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*Gift of:
Francis Skinner
of Boston*

BOUND. 5 MAR 1912

The Table.

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 The Affe and Bore.
 The Affe and Spanielh
 The Affe and Horfe.
 The Affe, Lion, and Fox.
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1871

THE F A B V L I S T Lately metamorphosed.

The Cocke. Fable 1.

WHilst Chanticleare one day a dunghillournes,
He findes a Jewell, which in scorne he spurnes;
And sayes, what lucke have I to finde such things
Which me nor profit, nor contentment brings
Some Jeweller, or expert Lapidare,
Would be o're joy'd to finde a gemme so rare:
I, for one Barley corne, or graine of Pease,
Will give my share in a whole pecke of these.

Morall.

*The Epicure whose belly is his God,
The gem of knowledge under foot hath trod;
And if at ease he lives, and eates, and drinks;
For vertue, nor good Arts, he cares nor thinks.*

The Wolfe and Lambe. Fab. 2.

A Wolfe carousing at a rivers side,
A harmlesse Lambe a skipping, lower spide;

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

To whom the Wolfe runs in a raging fume,
 And fierely asketh, how shee durst presume
 To spoile her drinke, the fearefull silly sheepe
 Trembling, intreats the Wolfe the peace to keepe,
 And begs a pardon (having not offended,)
 His drinke shee troubled not, nor e're intended:
 The more shee was submissive, milde, and humble;
 The more the bloody Wolfe did storme and grumble,
 And vowes revenge, nor would admit excuse;
 Quoth he, your fathers, mothers, kindreds use,
 Hath bin to doe me injurie, and spite,
 On you, their issue, I my selfe will right.

The Mouſe and Frogge. Fab. 3.

THE Frog and Mouſe, both warriors stout,
 And fit to manage Armes, no doubt;
 Proclaime a juſt and open war,
 Which of them ſhould be Emperour,
 And King of fennes and marriſh grounds,
 And thereunto give lawes and bounds:
 Both bravely come into the field,
 Reſolv'd alike to die, e're yield:
 Each ſoldier being arm'd alike,
 A ſege his ſword, a ruſh his pike;
 A while the fight was fierce and boody,
 (Fortune belike in a browne ſtudie
 To give the Palme) the ſubtrill miſe,
 (For they you know are grave, and wiſe)
 Under a water-lily leafe,
 Had plac't an Ambuſh for reliefe;
 Who to the battell freſhly come,

The

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

The signall given them by their drum ;
They furiously renew the fight ;
In heat whereof, comes by a Kite,
A farall Bird; who watcht that day,
To make both Cumbarants her prey :
For when shee thinks them out of breath,
Faint, weake, and fit for nought but death,
Downe shee descends, and at the souce,
O're-throwes and kills both frog and mouse.

Morall.

*When in a Kingdome fallious Princes fall
To home-bred civill warres, and cruell brall,
About dominion, and command of State ;
Some powerfull Enemye that's vicinate
Taking advantage at their weakning warres,
With power comes in, subdues, and ends their jarres.*

The Dog and shadow. Fab. 4.

A Dog in's mouth bearing a daintie bit,
A river swims; the Sun which shone on it
Casts o're the wave the shadow of the meat,
He greedy yawnes in hope that too to get,
Lets fall the daintie morsell twixt his teeth,
Whil't he snaps at the shadow which he seeth :
But when his ravening dog-tricke he had markt
In stead of speaking, thus he howld, and barkt,
Insatiate foole, thou art but rightly serv'd,
If none relieving thee, thou should'st die sterv'd;
Who hadst enough to serve thee many a day,
Had not thy greedy folly throw'n't away .

Morall.

*Flie avarice, this is the fables scopé;
Fooles onely part with certaintie, for hope.*

The Lion and other Creatures. Fab. 5.

THe Lion would to hunt upon a day
With other creatures goe, the tale doth say:
But e're they outward set, they did indent
He should but have his Divident,
Where to assenting straite they kild a Hart,
And as th' agreement was, began to part:
But when his share away each would have bore,
With furie mov'd, the Lion thus did roare;
As chiefe, the first part, doth to me belong,
Second and third, because I am most strong;
And none pursue the prey soe fierce as I,
Give me the fourth, or farewell Amitie:
The fearefull Beasts, durst not his will gaine say,
But griev'd to be thus gull'd, left him the prey;
And durst not urge the Contract, no nor utter
One word; who dares against the Lion mutter?

Morall.

*Live with thine equalls, if thoult happy be:
Might masters right, even in the Beasts we see.*

The Wolfe and Crane. Fab. 6.

THe Wolfe eating a sheepe for her repast,
Swallows a rib, which in her throat sticks fast;

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

And well nigh choakt, shee pittifully cries,
Yet none regards, at least her remedies;
But having knowne the cause of her distresse,
Thinks her well punisht for her greedinesse.
A Crane comes by, who after much intreatie,
Or rather promises, on her takes pittie;
(For much shee vowes, and much she doth assure,
The Crane shall have for doing of the cure :)
The Crane then undertakerh in a trice,
Performancē of the cure, with this device;
Into the Wolfes griev'd throat, shee puts her bill,
And plucks the bone out, which till then stueke still;
And having done her worke, demands her hire;
The thanklesse Wolfe grinding her teeth for ire,
Away poore foole (replies) I nothing owe;
Is't not enough thou doest in safety goe
Dismis't from my fell jawes? I had thy bill
Betweene my teeth; if I had had the will,
I could have tane thy life, but thou sav'dst mine,
And in requitall, I have favour'd thine.

Morall.

*Beware on whom thou doest bestow thy cost:
Good turnes to bad men done, are ever lost.*

The Countreiman and Snake. Fab. 7.

A Husbandman surveying of his ground,
A Snake, the snow being deepe, sterv'd almost found :
He brought it home, and laid it by the fire,
Whence taking vigour it began respire;

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

And when her former strength shee gotten had,
 Shee hift and made a noife, as shee were mad :
 The Countreiman affraid, reaching aprong,
 With words and blowes, expostulates the wrong,
 saying, is this the thanks thou doest repay?
 I sav'd thy life, thou wouldst take mine away.

The Boare and Asse. Fab. 8.

THe rude unmanner'd Asse derides the Boare,
 Who being mov'd, doth grinde his tusks therefore :
 Yet lets not choler on his reason trample,
 But mildely saies, wert thou a fit exemple,
 I could revenge this wrong, but let it passe,
 I scorne to take avengement on an Asse :
 Scoffe on thy fill, thy baseness gives protection,
 Brave Boares contempe an Asses fond invection.

Morall.

*Learn hence, if thou dost heare base ones thee wrong,
 To suffer bravely, and to rule thy tongue ;
 Exchange not evill language with the base ;
 Such scabs account it glorie, and a grace
 To be held worthy of revenge, and ultion :
 Slight them, that cramps them more than a convulsion :
 The Horse regardlesse, barking curres doth passe ;
 And shall men weigh the braying of an Asse?*

The Citie-Mouse and Countreie-Mouse. Eab. 9.

A Citie-Mouse, the season faire,
 Went to the Countreie to take ayre :

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

A Countrie Mousē did entertaine
Her, with her victualls, and her graine :
And the best cates shee could afford;
Noe doubt shee kept an honest boord,
And cheare, might serve a better guest:
The Citie-Mouse displeas'd, (at least
Seeming to be so,) mincing fits,
And Cittzen like, scarce eats two bitts :
The Citie diet doth commend,
Bringing to towne unto that end
The Countrie Shrew, that shee may trie it,
And learne to rectifie her diet :
She's brought into a dainty roome,
With Arras hung, sweet with perfume,
And serv'd with costly delicates,
Preserves, Confects, and Marmalets :
But while they feed, and joviall bee,
They heare one turning of a key;
And trembling in a fright away
They run, and neither longer stay ;
The Countrie-Mouse amazed stole
Behinde the hangings, wanting hole :
The Citie-Mouse to feast reverts,
(The servant presently departs)
Wishing her guest sit downe and drinke,
And on the fright no more to thinke :
They feast and tipples ; but the stranger
Still thinks upon the feare and danger :
Well, quoth the Countrie-Mouse, I yeeld
Your fare is richer than the feild ;
But I had rather eat in quiet
Browne bread at home, than finest diet,

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

And be in danger of my head :
 Give me securitie with bread,
 And take your dainties and rich fare
 With perill got, and spent in care.

Morall.

*Where danger's sance to delicates ;
 The feeders have unhappy fates :
 Where safetie doth attend poore cates ;
 The owners are in best estates.*

The Eagle and Chough. Fab. 10.

AN Eagle found a Cockle in the shell.
 And how to get the fish out could not tell :
 A Chough at that same instant comming by,
 Perswades the Eagle, mount therewith on high,
 And let the Cockle drop upon a stone,
 T'would break no doubt, she'le lay her life thereon ;
 The Eagle mounts, and with her takes the prey,
 The Chough at marke, upon the ground doth stay ;
 To watch the Cockles fall, which in a trice,
 Fell, and was broke ; as Jack Daw did devise ;
 Who speedily the dainty fish devour'd,
 Before the cheated Eagle, highly tow'r'd,
 Could downe descend ; and chattering flew away :
 The gallant Bird insens'd, did little say ;
 But inly griev'd, when that her selfe shee saw,
 Thus guld and cheated by a pautrie Daw.

Morall.

*Beware whom thou dost trust, who speaks the faire,
 Is not at all times, the true Counsellor :*

Son

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

*Some give their neighbours smooth and sweet advice,
Seeming sound friends, yet prove false enemies.*

The Crow and Cub. Fab. 11.

A Crow with prey flies to a tree,
And there proclaimes what he had got;
The Fox perceiv'd what it might be,
And followes fast as he could trot;
And thus the Crow he doth salute;
Sive thee faire Bird: now I see fame
A lyar's false and absolute,
That blacke as pitch, dares the proclaime:
Why thou art whiter than the Swan,
Or driven snow, and couldst thou sing,
Were voice as good as fethers, then
Of all the Birds thou might'st be King:
With flattery thus the Crow abus'd
Begins to thinke upon a noate,
Guld with deceit, the Fox had us'd:
And as he straind to cleare his throat,
The Cheese he got dropt from his bill,
Which cunning Reynard quickly caught,
And having eat thereof his fill,
At the poore Crow he stood and laught:
The Crow fore vext at's losse and folly,
Flies to the wood in Melancholie.

Morall.

*Unworthy people which doe take delight
To heare their owne praise, lose the Parafie.*

*But in conclusion, get themselves thereby
Lesse of estate, and badge of infamy.*

The old Lion. Fab. 12.

A Lion who in youth fierce full of rage,
Offended almost every kinde of beast :
His former head-strong follies now in age
Repents, and is repayed by the least :
The Boare with grinding tusks, the Bull with horne,
But chiefe of all, the dull uncivill Asse
Pretending wrongs, as done to him, in scorne
Spurnes at the Lyon, as he by doth passe :
The grieved Lion sighs, and thus with teares
Is heard his youthfull tolly to deplore :
It grieves me not, thus to be us'd of Beares,
Or goar'd by Bulls, or pierced by the Boare :
These gallant Beasts, with grieve I must relate
Have felt the rage and furie of our youth,
And they but justly now retalliate
Their injuries, but this base Asse intruth
I ever favour'd, and did nere offend ;
Foole that I was to make such Beasts my foes ;
Foole that I was to make such Beast my friend ;
That without cause joyes at my overthrowes.

Morall.

*When thou art in prosperitie and place,
Beware whom thou doest favour, whom disgrace :
And make no man by injurie thy foe,
Lest fortune change, and he exchange thy blow.*

The Spaniel

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

The Spaniell and Asse. Fab. 13.

AN Asse whose backe was almost broke
With loades of water and of wood,
Observing of his Master stroke
His idle Dog, which did no good;
And how the Master, as the Men,
With morsels fed him; weeping then
The moaning Asse did much complaine,
And curse his fate, who all the day
Bare heavy burthens, and with paine
Obtain'd his food, when as for play
The Dog was fed of every one,
And he poore Asse belov'd of none:
Resolv'd to be the Spaniels Ape,
To trie what flatterie could doe,
One day did on his Master leape,
And laid his lips his cheekes unto:
The Master at this tricke affrighted
Crid out aloud for helpe and aide;
The servants with the shew delighted,
A little while a gazing staid;
At length each getting him a waster
The complementall Asse so paid,
He had no minde to ride his Master;
But groaning on the ground he laid:
And of his kindnesse doth repent,
And never us'd more complement.

Morall.

*The sawning knave is offended
With plente, when laborious men*

*Can feldome have good word or bread :
But many groanes, and now and then
Striving to mend a wretched state ;
grow likely, more unfortunate.*

The Lion and Mouse. Fab. 14.

A Cholaricke Lion being with heat oppress'd
Under a shady tree was laid to rest :
A troupe of active Mice him spide a sleepe,
And at his backe their bralls and revells keepe :
The Lion wakes and stirr, when in a trice
Away for life run thence these light-foot Mice :
One onely slug except, which being caught,
For life, the King the Lion thus besought :
I am a worme not worth your highnesse rage ;
Her plea, the Lions anger doth assuage ;
He lets his Prisoner goe ; but in a while
After, himselfe is taken in a toyle ;
Who roares so loud, it shakes the very skies ;
Yet were the nets not moved with his cries :
The gratefull Mouse, that heard his voice and knew
It was the Lion that her good did doe ;
Runs to the net, creeps in, and with her teeth,
Biteth the knots, and so the Lion freeth.

Morall.

*Great ones take heed, how you the poore oppresse,
The time may come you'll need their littlenesse :
To none doe wrong, presuming on your power ;
For strength and wealth, are things which in an houre*

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

13

*Are overthrowne, and lost; and now and then,
The greatest need the helpe of meanest men.*

The sicke Kite. Fab. 15.

THe Kite who on her dearth-bed lay
Her Mother supplicates to pray
Unto the Gods, and make request
For health, for why, within her brest
Her conscience drave her to dispaire,
For she had never used prayer:
Her Dam replies, Child tis too late
Their Deities to supplicate;
Whose Altars oft thou didst prophane
And with thy rapines, foule and staine.

Morall.

*Honour the Lord, for in his hands
Thy safetie, or undoing, stands
Defer not Prayer in thy best state,
Lest when thou prov'st unfortunate,
And into miserie doest fall,
He will not heare, though loud thou call.*

The Swallow and other Birds. Fab. 16.

WHen first the husbandman Hempe sowes
The Swallow saw what he intended
And to her fellow-Birds she goes
And to their wisdomes, she commended
Her true intelligence, which they
Wise in their owne conceits rejected,
And call her foole, and eat and play,
Whil'st farall Hemp-stalkes, high erected

Threaten

Thereaten their deaths, the Swallow prayes
 They would thinke on't, and by the rootes
 Whil't it was green, with strength assay
 To pul't up, lest it breed more shootes :
 A second time they her counsell scorne
 By this the Hempe full ripe was growne,
 Shee that true love to them had borne,
 Wisht yet it might be overthrowne :
 But they her counsell kinde and good
 Fond foolish Birds, did still reject
 Or that it was not understood,
 Or understood tooke no effect :
 Taking her leave of feathered friends
 Unto the husbandman shee flies,
 And to his love her selfe commends ;
 Who enter league and amities,
 His house shall be her nest and tower
 And shee in liew thereof must sing
 Each Summers morne, about the houre
 That day-light to the world doth bring.
 They are agreed, and till this day
 The Swallow there her mansion keepes,
 And safely sits, and sings, while they,
 Poore silly fooles, The Fowler sweeps
 Into his nets of hempe compos'd
 They might have hindred, if dispos'd.

Morall.

*Many there are that cannot give advise,
 As many, mocke and scorne at those that give it;
 But when they suffer for't too late grow wise,
 And wish like fooles, they sooner did beleve it.*

The Frogs and their King. Fab. 17.

THe Frogs a free and populous Nation
One day to Jove made supplication,
As other Creatures they might have a King
Jove smiles at first; at their petitioning,
But to avoid the croaking of the Frog,
He throws them downe a King made of a log;
Which fell with such a dreadfull noise and lumpe,
It put the fearfull Frogs into a dumpe;
Who in amazement a good while doe stand,
To marke their new-come Sovereigns command;
At last they neerer still, and neerer drew,
But when their King a senselesse thing they knew,
His wooden Majestic grew to contempt;
And by each Frog was rid in meriment.
When ended was their sport, to Jove againe
They Suters are for a new Sovereigne,
An active Prince, one full of life and power:
A Storke Jove sendeth them, who every houre,
Some of his Marrish Subjects doth devour:
Th' oppressed frogs a fresh begin to lowre;
And being weary of their active Storke,
Begin to wish their former King of corke,
And unto Jove agen prefer their Suite,
Who to their croaking praiers stood deafe and mute,
For with milde Kings who will not live content,
Are justly plagu'd with Tyrants government.

Morall.

*Like Frogs the vulgar people bee,
Contented, neither band, nor free;*

Who

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

*Who govern'd by a gentle hand,
Account their softnesse, weaknesse, and
For stirring Magistrates they call,
Then such account tyrannicall.
Vnconstant as the Moone or wave,
Love change, and loath the thing they have.*

The Dove and Kite. Fab. 18.

VPon a time the Dove and Kite,
Did war, and with each other fight;
The Dove too weake in hope of aid,
The Sparrow Hawk, her Sovereign made,
Too late they rue their oversight,
And made peace with their foe the Kite.

Morall.

*Whate're thy state is bee content,
And long not after alteration;
But wisely learne it to prevent,
For danger's child of Innovation.*

The Theefe and Dog. Fab. 19.

ATheefe one night meaning to rob a shop,
Unto a watchfull Mastiffe flang a sop;
The trusty Dog that smelt the knaves intent,
Thus barks aloud, and doth his theft prevent:
False Theefe, he cries, I well perceive thy drift;
But know, I scorne to take a Felons gift:
Should I accept thy morsell, I betray
My Master, whil'st thou steal'st his goods away.

Morall

The Babulist metamorphosed,

Morall,

*Thus honest servants ever knowes withstood,
For their owne credit, and their Masters goods*

The birth of the Mountaines. Feb. 20.

IN Ages past a rumour went,
Hills were with childe, as women be;
Many a day and pound was spent,
In travell the truth thereof to see,
And many one was sore afraid,
What monstrous birthes they might produce;
Prodigious things thereof they say,
As all conceived ominous.
The day of this expected birth
At length being come, th'are brought to bed;
A Moufe is borne, which causeth mirth;
All doubts and terrours are stracke dead,
And the Spectators of this Scene,
Doe laugh as if they had the spleene,

Morall,

*Vaine-glorious braggards like hills stand
Speake Giant words, and make great shewes;
When if their actions be well scand,
They prove vaine and ridiculous:
And doe our thoughts from wonder call,
To mirth and matter Comical.*

The old Hound. Feb. 21.

A Gentleman who kept a Hound,
One day by chance a Leaver found;

B

THE

The Dog with age was stiffe and lame,
 And slowly doth pursue the game;
 The Master gives ill words and blowes,
 The toothlesse Hound no faster goes,
 Yet all the speed he can he makes,
 The Hare gets ground, the poore Cur slacks;
 The huntsman following hard to bang him,
 Swears, frets, and threatens streight to hang him.
 The Dog, who all his youth had spent,
 And hunted to the mans content;
 Thus makes his moane before he dies:
 (Sir) were you either just or wise,
 You would remember service past,
 Your owne youth cannot alwaies last:
 Tis time to die, for now I see,
 Servants no longer cherisht be,
 Than when they trudge, and bring their Masters profit,
 Adiew bad world, for I am weary of it.

Morall.

*He that in youth doth serve his Masters turne,
 Ought not in age be sleighted when he's done.*

The Hares and Tempests. Fab. 22.

WITHIN a wood the Hares upon a day,
 Whether inforst, or haply gone astray;
 A sodaine fearfull storme of winde arose,
 And in the wood so loud, so strong it blowes,
 As if the rooted Trees it would o're-whelme,
 It blowes the Oake, and rocks the sturdy Elme:
 Their great hare-hearts amazed in a fright,
 To scape the storme assume a violent flight

With

With swallow-footed speed they meet a pale
Which stops their course, and then their hearts quite faile:
Whil'it thus they are imprison'd in a pound,
One that survei'd the fense through a rift found
A mightie water on the other side,
She shewes her fellowes what she had discrid,
And that which more her fences did confound,
Tells them the very Frogs therein seem'd drown'd;
Whil'ft thus through feare, they fall into despaire,
U starts a wily fur-gownd aged Hare,
And to his panting fellowes thus he said;
Why are yee fellow-travellers thus afraid?
Pull up your hearts, and think no more of flight,
If you would scape the storme, take heart and spright;
My life for yours, take courage, and stand fast,
Tis but a storme, and Tempests cannot last;
Or say it should, are not our bodies linde,
And able to hold out, both cold and winde?
But why talke I of active bodies? sure
The way to shun a storme, is to endure:
This resolute speech, their Sanick feare appeas'd,
And scarce the words were out, but the storme ceas'd,

Morall.

*This world's the Wood, our troubleous life,
Is full of Dangers, feares, and strife:
Which are not to be shunn'd by flight,
true resolution onely makes them light.*

The Kid and Wolfe. Fab. 23!

THe shee goat going to a wood,
To seeke out Provender and food,

Within doore lockes her tender Kids,
 and open them to none shee bids
 Till her returne, a Wolfe that lay
 In ambush, heard what they did say,
 And at the doore anon he beats,
 And Goatsvoice quaintly counterfets
 Commands the Kids to open doore,
 For shee had brought them victuals store;
 Much good may doe you quoth a Kid,
 But we will doe, as we were bid;
 For though your voice is like a Goate,
 Yare Wolfe I know you by your coat.

Morall.

*From hence this lesson learne we may,
 Tis good our parents to obey;
 Old folke doe give us best advice,
 The young which hearken too't are wise.*

The Hart and Sheepe. Fab. 24.

A Cunning Hart the Wolfe being by
 Claimes of a Sheepe a debt long due,
 Pretended for a pecke of Rie:
 Intruth the Sheepe noe such debt knew,
 But the Wolfes danger to prevent,
 If so the Hart would give her day,
 To make assumpst was content
 A pecke of Rie She would repay:
 The day is come, it must be rendred,
 The Hart demands the Sheepe to pay,

Of which the Sheepe not one graine tendred,
Nor none would give, did you not say
The Hart replies, nay further sweare
So that I would some time forbear,
You would it honestly discharge:
Yes quoth the Sheepe, but I'm at large,
The Wolfe was by when I did sweare.

Morall.

*Many intend t' intrap weake Innocence
Before some craftie knave, a great offence;
And to the height of all extremitie,
Will burge the complot of their villanie:
But God preservest the guiltlesse from the snare
Of such whose ends, and objects, bloody are,*

The Countrieman and tame Snake. Fab. 25.

A Countrieman kept a tame Snake,
Which in a furie once he strake;
The Snake by good chance sav'd her head.
And from him to a thicket fled:
The Countrieman that then to fore
Was very rich, grew wondrous poore,
And with himselfe doth oft debate,
What cause should thus confound his state:
Resolv's t' was for the Serpents sake,
Which in his angry mood he strake;
And forthwith to the thicket hies
To finde her out, whom when he spies
He praies t' accept her ancient lodging;

The Snake replies, without more dodging
 She ne're againe his house would see,
 Where she had found such injurie;
 And though her wrong she him forgives,
 She must remember whil'it he lives,
 And told him shortly in one word,
 Shee'd trust no more, man nor his word.

Morall.

*Tis pietie to pardon an offence,
 But to prevent, wisdom, and providence.*

Aliter.

*Let not thy choller so much over-flowe,
 To raise thy furie to a word and blow;
 For hastie spirits never want a woe.*

The Fox and Storke. Fab. 26.

THe Fox one night a Storke intreats
 To guest with her, and taste her meats;
 The Storke accepts the invitation;
 The Fox makes daintie preparation
 Of liquid stufte, but so it serv'd,
 The Bird in plenty might have starv'd;
 For on the boord the Fox it powres,
 Which licking up, she strait devours:
 The hungrie Storke looks wily on,
 And seeing all the vians gone,
 Though discontented, little said,
 But hungry, angry, went to bed;

And

And there in musing spends the night,
How her kind hoste she might requite;
The plot was thus after short time,
She bids the Fox with her to dine,
And for the dinner doth prepare
Great store of good and daintie fare;
But serves it up within a glasse,
Whose necke both long and narrow was,
Into the which shee puts her bill,
And rakes, and eats at ease her fill:
The Fox might licke her lips at it,
But could not get thereof a bit:
And thus the Banquet was concluded.
The scoffing Fox, went home deluded.

Morall.

*What ere he be presumes upon his wit,
May finde no doubt some one to equall it;
That can repay him with like geires and mocks,
As here the confsed Storke requites the Fox.*

The Wolfe and painted head. Fab. 27.

A Wolfe upon a Holiday,
Belike the Painter gone to play,
Did cast his eyes upon a head,
So drawne to life, so shadowed,
A reasonable man would weene,
A counterfeit it had not beene:
He tooke it up and gazing stood,
But when he found it painted wood,

Having perus'd it downe it laid,
 And thus unto the head he said :
 Alas that such a noble part
 Should have noe sense, and so much Art.

Morall.

*The outward shape without internall grace,
 Is as a Vizard, or a painted face,
 Beggetting scorne, for sooles more hatefull be,
 How much more faire they are externally.*

The Iay. Feb. 28.

A Paultrie Jay did once assume
 The Peacocks gallant train and plume;
 And being drest in this aray,
 Flies to the Peacock, leaves the Jay;
 But there shee made no longer boad
 Than till they found her pride and fraud,
 Which found, to the naked skin they stript her,
 And having scorn'd her, soundly whipt her,
 The little Birds that then stood by,
 Disperst this storie as they flie.

Morall.

*By Iaius proud men and vaine are ment
 Who scorning of their owne descent,
 Wish gallant shewes, and wanting plume,
 Amongst their betters place assume;
 Till time disclose their pride and then
 They are scorn'd of all deserving men.*

The Flie and Ant. Feb. 29.

The Flie upbraids the Ant and her dissent,
Base worrne she calls her and unworthy thing,
Whose life in obscure nookes, and holes is spent,
Whil'st who but she liv'd with the greatest King,
Fed at his table tasted princely meat,
Out of his royall Cup dranke his owne wine,
Lodg'd in his chamber set in regall seat,
Carous'd Canara, Claret, and the Rhine;
And fed on sweet meats, delicates and rare,
Taking no thought, nor paines, them to provide;
But Court-like full flew forth to take the aire,
Had plenty, ease, and gratis. Th' Ant repli'd,
She must confesse the Flie had better fare,
(If dainties be best fare) for her descent,
Although she list not with the Flie compare,
T' was honest, good, without disparagement;
And where you say we live in holes, and den,
And that our dwellings are obscure and base,
We safely live, belov'd of beasts and men,
Whil'st like a rogue thou run'st from place to place,
And haste noe lodging, nor inhabitation,
But like a theefe living on spoile and prey,
Thou onely doest possesse present occasion,
Tainting those things thou canst not beare away;
Noy some to all thou art alive or dead,
Hurtfull to man and beast, hated of both,
Of putrification gotten, and so fed;
The soule, and lively counterfeite of sloath;
Thou art not sure to live nor breath a day,

Held hatefull as thou art to humane kinde,
 By boies and girles th'art catcht and kill'd in play,
 And dead, leav'st nought but loathsome behind,
 Whil'st we with safetie and with joy possesse
 The blest fruition of our peacefull cells,
 Lives free from all, being free from idlenesse,
 Eat what we get, and feed on nothing else,
 The River yeelds us drinke, the field gives bread,
 We thinke of cold, even in the midst of heat,
 Whil'st thou with the first frost that comes art dead;
 And wanting sustenance of drinke and meate,
 Doest all the Winter season sleepe or sterve,
 Since victa'lls none thou stord'st, dost none deserve.

Morall.

*Learne from the Flie, who speaks those things hee should not,
 Must be resolv'd to heare those things he would not:
 The Ant will teach a private countrey cell,
 (When industrie doth with contentment dwell,)
 The daintie carelesse court-like life out goes,
 More full of feare, and danger, than faire shewes,*

The Frog and Oxe. Fab. 30.

THe Frog beholding of the Near,
 Thinking to make her self as great,
 Swells like a bladder blowne with wind,
 And of her child with inflate minde
 Demands, doth not my greatnesse yet
 Excell the Neats, or equall it?
 Oh Mother, doth the young one crie,
 Forbeare this tumerous Extasie;

For

For till you burst, if that you swell,
The Oxe you cannot parallel:
The Frog swells on, and croaks, doth yet
My tumid bodie wax as great?
Or yet? and bursts.

Morall.

*So proud men find,
The issue of a haughty minde.*

Aliter.

*To every Creature nature doth depend
A generall gift, to some, shee Eloquence,
To others, strength, to him, doth beantie give,
That each contented with his lot may live:
And where content abids, the gift it hallowes;
Where emulation rules, there ruine followes.*

The Horse and Lion. Fab. 31.

With age the Lion stiffe and lame,
Unto an Horse then turn'd to grasse
Did make approach, and to him frame
A tale, what a prov'd Leech he was;
Supposing with his wit and braine,
To get the Horse within his pawes;
The Horse knew well he did but feigne,
Yet of his helpe seem'd to have cause,
Tells him he comes in luckie houre,
For as he leapt a hedge of thorne
He prickt his foot which rag'd so fore,

The torment was not to be borne,
 The Lion prays him let him see
 The sore, and warrants remedie:
 The Horse lies downe upon his backe,
 And as the Lion came to view him,
 So fierce between his eyes he strake,
 That (weak with age) he overthrew him;
 And so the Lion plies with blowes,
 Till almost both were out of breath,
 The Horse triumphing away goes,
 And to the cunning Surgeon saith,
 Good Sir, I will not be taken ill,
 If on your selfe you show your skill;
 Or if your worship hold it fit,
 Goe sell your salves, and buy more wit,

Morall.

*Those are the mortalst cruel foes,
 Which murder under friendly shewes;
 And Iudas like say nonght's amisse,
 When murther's harbour'd in a kisse:
 A wise man therefore still will be,
 Fore-arm'd with wit, and Politie,
 And Ianus like, have double sight,
 To judge betweene the wrong and right.*

The Horse and Ass. Fab. 32.

A Horse adorn'd in all his rich array,
 Ran a fierce course, and running loud did neigh,
 And in full speed or'e tooke a loaden Ass
 Which staid him for a while he could not passe:

The fierce Horse trampleth on the ground in rage
Champing his bit his choller to assuage;
And to the slow foot Beast in scorne doth neigh,
To cleere the passage, and to give him way:
The Ass for feare of this hot Horses heeles,
Out of the path silent and fearfull reeles,
The Horse pursues his race, and runs so fast,
He bursts his winde, and tir'd falls downe at last:
But when the owner doth his Courser finde,
Beimyr'd, with foundred legs, and broken winde,
Unfit to ride, unapt to make a warrior;
For little coine he sells him to a Carrier,
Who claps a wooden pannell on on his backe;
By this the Ass o're-takes him with his packe,
And to the Horse braies, friend what have they done
With thy guilt bit, and rich Capparison;
The Horse asham'd, answer'd no word at all,
Well quoth the Ass: Thus pride will have a fall.

The Birdes and Beastes. Fab. 33.

THe winged Creatures made a brall,
With Birds and Beasts quadrupidall;
And certaine who had seene the fight,
Would have beheld it with delight;
The Regiments were strong and great,
Each wing Commanders had compleat,
Both Armies full of hope and feare,
Courage and danger equall were;
The Eagle, which Joves Bird some call,
Once of the Birds was Generall,
And wheresoe're his Colours wave,
Assured victorie they gave:

But

But yet the false faint hearted Bat
 Dispairing, turn'd base Renegate;
 And to the adverse partie goes,
 Whom th'Eagle that day overthrowes;
 The Bat perceiv'd the baraille lost
 Mounted on wing, doth flie in post,
 But is discrid, and forthwith rooke,
 (For what God treacherie can brooke)
 Brought back, The Birds a Counsell call,
 Commanded by their Generall,
 Where in cold blood they guiltie finde
 The Bat of Treason, against kind:
 And although death she hath deserv'd,
 Her life was by one voice preserv'd:
 But as an Exile shee must swear
 The winged Armie to forbear,
 And never more abroad to flie
 While daylight doth enrich the skie.

Morall.

*He that forsakes his friends in their distresse,
 Deserves not to partake their happinesse.*

The Wolfe and Fox. Fab. 34.

A Ravening Wolfe, hunting one day to doe
 A bootie yeelding food for many a day;
 The subtil Fox soone had it in the wind,
 And to her trots in hope to share the prey:
 Gossip quoth she, I gladly would inquire
 The cause you keep your house, and lie so quiet;
 Oh quoth the Wolfe I'm ready to expire,
 I did mistrue you were nie in
 ynard)

Therefore

Therefore I'm come to visite my deare friend,
And the best service I can do to profer:
I thank you quoth the Wolfe, pray then commend
My health unto the Gods, when next you offer;
Meane time pray leave me, for I faine would rest:
The Fox perceiv'd the Wolfe his craft discri'd,
Went thence away with heavinesse oppress'd,
As if the Wolfe indeed had like to di'd
The Wolfe laughs in in his sleeve the Fox meane while
Runs to a Shepherd as he kept his sheepe,
And tells him how the Wolfe he may beguile,
While in his den he lieth fast asleepe;
The Shepherd takes his dog, his staffe, his sling,
And with the Fox he goes: (for she was guide)
Who to the hole him readily doth bring,
Where the poore Wolfe betrai'd on sodaine di'd,
The Fox for her good service had the den,
And whatsoever goods therein were found
The Shepherd shortly after comes agen,
And there the treacherous Fox he doth confound,
And as the Fox his gossips death devis'd,
In the same trap he falls slaine and surpris'd.

Morall.

*The envious man that doth repine
At's neighbours happinesse and good;
Of for him digs a pit or mine
Wherin he sheddeth his owne blood.*

The Hart. Fab. 35.

Upon a Sunne shine day a Hart
Repairing to a Fountaine cleere,
Stooping

Stooping to drinke perceiv'd each part,
 As in a glasse he looking were,
 When he surveyes his goodly hornes,
 And seeth what bredth and branch they beare;
 He shakes his head for joy, but scorne
 His legs which small and spindle were,
 Whil' st thus himselfe the Hart survei'd,
 And his owne beautie did adore,
 The Huntsman winds, whereat afraid,
 He flies as leaves, the winde before,
 The Dogs pursue, he takes a wood
 Thick growne and high, where in the bushes
 Fast fettered by the hornes he stood,
 Nor could get loose with friskes and brushies;
 He sigh'd and wept before he di'd,
 As Harts (some say) are wont to doe,
 To see how he had magnifi'd
 Those parts had brought him all his woe;
 When those that had him still befriended,
 With scornefull words had vilepended.

Morall.

*We love the things which we should flie
 What hurts us most oft times most please,
 Wee looke on things shewes faire and high,
 And onely fix our hearts on these,
 Till snar'd by pride our woes begin
 By that we most did glorie in.*

The Viper and file. Fab. 36.

A Smith one day (you know Smiths are good fellows)
 To th' Alehouse went leaving his shop and bellows;

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

83

A Viper steals into his shop meane while,
And with her teeth began to grinde his file;
Foole quoth the file, what's this thy rashnes doth?
Sooner than hurt me, thou wilt burst thy tooth;
The tuffest iron, and the strongest Steele,
When I to bite dispose, my sharpnesse feele.

Morall.

*Beware with whom thou doest contend;
On stronger force their force who spend,
With shame are vanquish't in the end.*

The Wolfe and Sheepe. Fab. 37.

Between the Wolfe and Lambe we see
Nature hath put Antipathy;
Yet these two once would undertake,
To make peace; for performance sake
Each gave their pledge, the silly Sheepe
Gave up their Dogs they us'd to keepe:
The subtil Wolves their young ones gave;
For while the innocent sheep were feeding
And neither thought of wars or bleeding,
The young Wolves howle in strong desire
To sucke the Damme, and see the Sire:
The Old Wolves hearing the young ones crie,
Rais'd an Alarum presently:
And on the guiltlesse Lambkins fall,
Slaying them in a moment all:
Suggesting they the truce did breake,
The cause, they found the Lambkins weake;

C

Morall.

Morall.

*When thou dost make a league, or seale a peacc,
Beware of giving too good hostages,
For under friendships colour and pretence
Some first get power, then wreake malevolence.*

The Wood and Countrie-man. Fab.38.

WHen trees could speake, and had their native speech
A Swaine comes to the wood and doth beseech
To give him so much Timber as would make
His Axe an helve: It kindly bids him take;
But when this clowne had helved on his Axe,
The stately trees he cuts, and hewes, and hacks,
And fells them to the ground; who now too late,
Sorrow their owne, and moane their fellowes fate.

Morall.

*Take heed on whom thy gifts thou dost bestow,
Some turne good deeds toth' Authors overthrow.*

The Bellie and Members. Fab.39.

MAns nimble foot and active hand,
With bellie in contention stand,
Accusing her that shee doth eat
Up all their industrie and sweat;
Therefore they would no longer serve,
But let her earne her bread or sterve:
The bellie praies them to remember,
She was but steward to each member,

And what they into her did powre
She shortly did to all restore;
Th' unruly members had no cares,
Nor eyes to see, or heare her teares,
But cruell hearted were content
To pine her wanting nutriment.
But when the belly waxed weake,
The Arteries began to speak,
And call unto the hand to feed
The belly in this extreme need,
For now they felt the strength that lay
In those strong ligaments decay;
The stubborn hand did then relent,
And would have reacht it aliment,
But the poore stomacke was so cold,
T' would nothing take nor nothing hold,
They were too good the guts to cherish,
And therefore with the guts must perish.

Morall.

*As in our humane bodies, so in states,
Each member on another doth depend,
Eyes to the hand, hand to the feet relates,
Man needeth man, friend stands in need of friend;
Ruine attendeth discord, when communion
Maintaines the bond of peace in perfect union.*

The Ape and Fox. Fab. 40.

AN Ape (whose taile you know is ever bare,)
Intreats the Fox, a peece of his to spare,
And if he would confer a part upon her,
It would ease him, and do the Ape much honour:

Friend, quoth the Fox, although my bush be faire,
Tis not too much, nor will I give one haire,
And say it were, I de rather have it sweepe
The durtie ground, than an Apes taile wa me keep.

Morall.

*Some want, some others have too much in store,
Yet cannot finde in heart to helpe the poore.*

The Hart and Oxen. Fab. 41.

A Hart before the hounds ready to fall,
Doth cast himselfe into an Oxes stall,
And begs of him, (to shun the present danger)
Leave for a while to rest him in the manger:
The curteous Ox the Hart would not denie,
But t'was not safe for him, he did replie,
Because the master, or the watchfull hinde,
Resorting hourelly thither, would him finde;
The hopefull Hart of safetie makes no doubt,
If he conceale, and not reveale him out;
He climes the cratch, comes, lookes, goes his way,
The Hart being over-joy'd with his successe,
Begins to rouse as tearelesse of distresse,
To whom a grave and aged Ox thus cries,
Friend, though you have escap't this fellowes eyes,
Who is in truth a Mole, or one as blinde,
Our Lynx-ey'd Master Argus, is behinde,
And he will see the least straw lie's amisse,
Whil'st the Harts friend the Ox, was telling this,
In comes the quicke ey'd Lynxus to the stall,

To

To see his cattell, where he o'relookes all,
Strokes this fed Oxe, claps that, goes to the racke,
To see if todder, or if meat they lack;
And pulling out some hay to smell unto'r,
By chance takes hold of the poore hid Harts foot,
Up starts the Deere, the Farmer shuts the gate,
Downe falls the game, who dying thus too late
Sighs out, unwise are they who for to shun
The lesser danger, into greater run.

Morall.

*Thus reason tells us that it's alwaies best,
Of two great evils to select the least.*

The Fox and grapes. Fab. 42.

THe Fox one day by chance esp'd a Vine,
Laden with grapes, which being ripe did shine,
And looke so lovely, short to make the matter,
Don Reynards daintie tooth began to water,
And how to have them downe he casts about,
For they hung high, and his short reach quite out;
The subtile wits he had, which are not small,
To get one bunch, together he doth call,
But maugre all the braines he doth imploy,
Like Tantalus he saw, could not enjoy:
The more he lookes, the more he feasts his eyes,
The lesse his appitire he satisfies;
At length perceiving none he could devour,
He cheers his lookes, who untill now did lowre,
And saies I care not, yet these grapes are sowre.

C 3

Morall.

Morall.

*The Morall of this Fable thus doth teach,
Men ought not care for things they cannot reach.*

Arion and the Dolphin. Fab. 43.

EACH child can tell ye that *Arion* was
A man of musick excellent and rare,
Dwelt at *Methymna*; *Lesbos* Ile the place
Fam'd for the birth of this eare-ravisher,
Whom *Periander Corinth's* King held deare,
Aswell for gentle birth, as skilfull Art:
But he had Crochets, as it should appeare,
(So most Musicians have) and they must part.
Arion needs must other countries see,
Desire of forraigne fame his Harpe commands;
Sicilia first he foots, next *Italie*,
Where in great honour and much grace he stands,
Stealing mens hearts, as one may say, by th'eare:
They, as some power divine do him adore;
Gold, and rich gifts, are given him every where,
That he is cloid with wealth, he had such store:
Backe to his Countrie, he resolves to goe,
And for his voyage doth a ship prepare,
Man'd with *Corinthians* whom he well doth know,
All things made readie for his journey are:
Arion puts to Sea, the wind blowes faire,
Whil'st in securitie he lies at rest:
The Mariners who alwaies watchfull are,
Upon a night thus held their wardens quest,
How rich a purchase we with ease may gaine:

Ther's

Ther's none aboad, but knowes *Arion* here
 Abounding in such wealth, as few remaine
 His equalls for his Treasures, far, or neare :
 who would not venture to become the Lord,
 And sole Commander of this prize, to trust
 A murther to the Seas, and over board,
 Him and his charming instruments to thrust :
 Let his bewitching laies sound new delight,
 To *Nepunnes* scaly subjects in the deepe ;
 Let his rare harmonie win *Amphitrite*
 While we inricht cut through the Ocean,
 And landed live like Kings : what think ye *Mates*,
 (The Master saies) to this my motion ?
 Who is't can tell the Storie of his fates,
 None but our selves, and if we blab his end,
 May our tongs blast us ; All agree ; next morne,
 Harmelesse *Arion* to the water's send :
 As some sweet airie singer on a thorne,
 Warbling harmonious notes, at unawares
 Intrap, forgoes her tunes, and falls to peepe ;
 So poore *Arion* in the sailors snares,
 Leaves Musicks melodie, and gins to weepe :
 What means this outrage friends ? if for my goods
 Ye are combin'd, he said, why take them all :
 Let not your hands be stain'd in guiltlesse blood ;
 The Gods forbid ye should to murther fall :
 I value not my money, store, or treasure,
 For ship, and goods, and jewell, all are yours :
 Take all, convert my substance at your pleasure,
 Spare but my lifes unhappy wretched houres.
 He begs remorse : they do not weigh intreats :
 He weeps, such streames his body will not save :

His lookes to heaven he casts, his breast he bears;
 For teares no eies, for praiers no eares they have:
 Well then since thus you are resolv'd quoth he,
 To force me suffer what your wills enjoyne,
 Grant me one boone, before your tyrannie
 Bereave me of my being, with my coine:
 Reach me my Harpe, and give me leave to tye,
 Such cloathis about me fits my mournfull song,
 Swaine-like Ile sing my funerall Elegie,
 And make amends for borrowing time so long:
 They are content, his Harpe *Arian* takes,
 Sings such an Orphean song, that calmes the seas:
 Then from the upper decke a leap he makes,
 Which more than all his sounds the Sailors please,
 For *Corinth* merrily they hoist their sailes;
 All their whole course, they laugh, play, sing and drinke,
 Carelesse of what given-lost *Arion* ayles;
 His Treasure shar'd, on little else they thinke:
 But they must heare a strange and wondrous thing;
 A miracle beyond all humane thinking;
 A Dolphin twist *Arians* legs doth cling,
 And beares the sweet-rough warbler from sinking:
 Upon whose scalie backe he sits astride;
 And like skild Gallants running of a race,
 As these, on land, he on the Sea doth ride;
 Save that no foure foot beast can match his pace:
 And though his late hir'd Ship was trim and tight,
 A daintie vessell, and of nimble saile;
 This courser runs his canvas out of sight,
 Maugre tides force, or *Eolus* whistling gale:
 At *Tænarum* a small, but famous place,
 Where Poets feigne the entrance is of Hell:

This fate lov'd Lyrick finisht his Sea-race,
 There plaies his wind-swift Steed a sweet farwell:
 Who, whilst his fingers beat lifts up her head,
 Above the Harpe-calm Billow of the Sea;
 But ceasing sodainly as stricken dead,
 Descends, resounding murmurings at his stay:
 The joyfull man a shore upon his knees,
 With utmost skill sounds out a hymne of praise
 To Neptune and the other Deities,
 That beyond hopes, thus had prolong'd his dayes:
 Then to *Corinthus* ward *Arion* goes,
 Which was not far from thence, so to the Court,
 In the same habit, and sea-season'd cloathes
 He comes, and there his voyage doth report:
 The King (his friend) heard him a large relate
 The strange events, and wonders that befell him:
 But he, as all good Kings, all lyars hate,
 Not onely credits nor, what he doth tell him;
 But in his antique garment doth commit
 Him to safe keeping, till the truth were knowne;
 Which scarce was done, Fate so determin'd it,
 His Ship arives, report whereof is blowne
 To Court, the King the ship master inquires,
 If he can tell him of his travel'd friend,
 Who answers, he in *Italie* respire,
 Belov'd, rich, safe, whom all for skill commend:
 I't true, quoth *Periander*, ye relate?
 Else let your Grace (saies he) rake of my head:
 With that *Arion* shewes himselfe, whereat
 The shipper all agast, lookes pale as lead;
 And the whole storic doth at large confesse,
 Imploring pardon for his guiltinesse.

Morall.

*From brutish creatures we more mercy finde,
Than from those men to rapine are inclin'd.*

Hercules and the Carter. Fab. 44.

A Carter having burst his waine
As he was driving on the way,
Sits downe and doth with teares complaine,
And *Hercules* for helpe doth pray,
A voice he heares from heaven descend,
And to him in this manner say,
Thy hand unto thy Cart first lend,
Whip up thy Horse, the Gods then pray,
First doe thy part, use all thy power,
And then for aid, the Gods implore.

Morall.

*For lozie voves, God helpe, and idle prayer,
By this we see the God doe little care,
The lawfull meanes we must peruse, and then
To our endeavours God will say Amen.*

The Ape and her Twins. Fab. 45.

WHen as the Ape doth whelp, as some have sed,
Of twins she evermore is brought to bed,
One of the which she ever loves most dearly,
The other nurses as a stranger meerly:
And such an Apish Mother on a day,

Wich

With her beloved brat in armes did play,
When suddainly afrighred, gainst a tree
Whereto she leaps, to shun the jeopardie,
The braines of her too deare beloved else
She dashes out, the other saves himselfe,
Which at her backe, as carelesly she bore
As beggars doe their brats not cared for,
Who grew in length of time a goodly Ape,
And got the Mothers love as well as shape.

Morall.

*Fond parents often times occasions be,
Through too much love, too much indulgencie,
To spoile and lose the children which they love,
Whilst those least cockered ever better prove.*

The Oxe and Heyfer. Fab. 46.

THe aged Oxe went daily to the plow
Whilst the young wanton Heyfer in the field
Was idle, fed, and plaid, nor knew to bow
Her neck to yoke, nor could to labour yeeld,
Nor could she be content this life to lead,
But from the pasture one day to the plow,
Softly as t'was her custom'd pace to tread
She comes in state, and asks the old Oxe how
He came so meagre, and did looke so leane,
How his bald necke became so thin of haire,
Wherefore in age to labour he did meane,
When she did nothing, yet was fat and faire :
The aged Oxe as then made no replie,
But drew the plow as he was wont to doe,
But shortly after as he casts his eye,

This

This lustie Heyfer came into his vew,
 For shee was bound, and to the Altar led,
 To whom the sober Oxe, but sighing spoke,
 Were it not better to endure the yoke,
 Than feele the Axe, to labour, than to be
 Th' untimely fruit of death and luxurie.

Morall.

*Safetie and health, sweet industrie attends,
 When idle courses, still find tragicke ends.*

The Lion and Dog. Fab. 47.

A Paultrie Curre a gallant Lion meeting
 His dutie done, and complementall greeting,
 Saies to the Lion, Sir, what doe you meane
 To keepe the woods, and by-waies, and grow leane
 You see (quoth hee) how I am fat and faire,
 And which is best, nor labour nor take care,
 True he replies, your fare indeed is better,
 But with thy morsell (Curre) thou hast thy fetter,
 Thou that art borne a slave, canst fawne and cog,
 And fill thy paunch, a life fit for a dog,
 We that are borne to rule, and to be free,
 Scorne to be fat, by base servilitie.

Morall.

*Brave Spirits scorne to stoop to servile slings,
 A wallet fits a beggar, Crownes fits Kings.*

The River Fish, Fab. 48.

A River Fish by waters force,
 Perforce was hurrid to the maine,

The

The fresh thing quire out of his couse,
The goodly sea-fish doth disdaine,
And of her birth, and of her breeding,
Estate, and worth, she much doth tell;
And magnifies her drinke and feeding,
The sea-calte hearing this doth swell,
And saies thou bragging thing of nought
That dar'st with Neptunes sons compare,
Lets both be taken and be brought
Unto the Market, if thou dare,
Then thou shalt see which of us two,
Man, the best Judge of flesh and fish,
Shall give the price, and palme unto;
W'are meat for Kings, thou shalt each peasants dish.

Morall.

*Vaine glorious bragards, with the torrent borne
Of selfe conceit, all others geire and scorne,
But cane to taske by some well seasoned wit,
Th'are found fresh fooles, for no employment fit.*

The Leopard and Fox. Fab. 49.

THe Leopard a beast whose skin or hide,
Nature with spots hath rarely beautif'd,
One day perceiving how she was adorn'd,
The Lion and all other brutes she scorn'd,
This gallant beast Reynard the fox doth meet,
One known to be nor big, nor faire, nor sweet;
Who haviug fully learn'd her haughty pride,
And cause thereof, the Leopard doth deride,
Vaine foolish beast, of nothing proud but skin,
Foxes, though foule without, are faire within.

Morall,

Morall.

*This learning then we gather may from hence,
 Of gifts to know a triple difference
 Of fortune, beautie, and intellectuall grace,
 Of which the last deserves the chiefest place.*

The Child and Fortune. Fab. 50.

VPon a day it thus befell,
 A child fate sleeping on a well,
 Where had he fallne into the pit,
 He must have perished in it:
 (But see the luck ont) fortune blind
 Came by and chanc't the barne to find,
 Groping him out (for Poets lien
 If she can see or have her eyne)
 And feeling him well made and prittie
 Upon his parts she taketh pittie;
 Awakes him first, then lets him see
 The danger whence she sets him free:
 Arise she saies, goe home, there keepe
 Thee safe from drowning, there safe sleep;
 For had'st thou perisht in this pit,
 I onely had bin blam'd for it;
 Thy yeares had thine excuses made
 On me the fault thereof had laid.

Morall.

*On us we dangers pull by oversight,
 Then without cause blame fortune, and her spight.*

A young

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

A Yonth and Swallow. Fab. 41.

A Wastefull youth who had consum'd his state,
A faire demeanes, which carefull parents gat
Was growne so poore and miserable bare,
That he own'd nothing but the cloaths he ware,
Which when he saw the Swallow first appeare,
Who, as we say, is Sommers harbinger,
He sold them too, and did disrobe his backe
To feed his hungrie bellie, but alack
Hycms then milde, began his head to show,
And grizled Beard, ameld with frost and snow,
So cold the weather grew, so long it lasted
This unthrift and the Swallow both were blasted,
But when the ominous bird agen he spies,
(For he had nought to do but gaze) he cries,
Oh fatall bird, thou haddest well deserved,
That kill'st thy selfe and with false hopes me starv'd.

Morall.

*He that spends lewdly, shall with sorrow finde
The want of helpe, in time of miseries :
He that in Halcion dayes with lavish minde
Wastes his estate, when blasts and stormes arise,
May starve for want, or in a prison dies.*

Iupiter and the Crow. Fab. 52.

THe Birds would have a King, *Iove* was content,
And freely granted what they did desire,
Unto which end he cald a Parliament,
Wherein t'was rul'd he should the Crowne aspire,

That

That lookt most lovely and most faire in show,
Each bird prepares himselfe against the day,
The Raven his deformitie doth know,
And out of hope to beare this regall bay
One of his owne worth doth of each bird borrow
A fether, and thereof doth make a plume;
Never was Bird so faire seene till that morrow,
And *Love* himselfe, on his side gave the doome;
But as he was about to give the Crowne,
Each Bird assumes the fether he had lent,
And in a trice his plume they ruffle downe:
Don Corvo thus uncas'd, in discontent,
Sneaks slyly thence, *Love* laughs, the wing'd crew smile
To see how easily outsides may beguile.

Morall.

Tis not the out-fades, glorie, gorgeons shewes,
Subject to moths;
Tis not the set-by beautie of the face,
Chang'd by disgrace;
Tis not health, honour, riches, friends or power,
Gone in an houre;
That makes us worthy of heavens Crowne,
Which moth, nor age, nor sicknesse, can pull downe:
But tis the souls adornment, heavenly grace,
Exceeding honours, riches, cloths, or face.

The Lion and Bull. Fab. 53.

THe King of Beasts (saies *Esoy*) on a day,
To take a well-fed Bull did lie in waite;

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

The Beast was strong, and held the Lion play;
(For to say truth, he smelt out the deceit)
The Lion seeing strength no issue takes,
With seeming love he doth the Bull invite
To Court to supper, for a feast he makes
With fatted sheepe, which he had kild that night;
The Bull durst not his Sovereigne denie,
But thanks his Grace, and saies he will attend,
Along they walke, for supper time grew night,
And being come unto their journeyes end,
Enter the palace, and the dining hall.
The Bull, whose heart was fill'd with fearfull care,
And circumspection, saw no sheepe at all,
Nor preparation for a Princes fare,
Onely he sees great kettles, spits, and axes,
Such as are us'd the oxe to kill and roste,
Which seene the Bull retires, and no leave axes:
The Lyon asks him why he makes such post:
Oh quoth the Bull, these instrumnts I see,
Prefage the death of oxen, not of sheepe,
Therefore your highnesse sups alone for me;
Light suppers (Leeches say) cause soundest sleepe.

Morall.

*A wise man sees a tyrants traps and snares,
And timely to prevent them he prepares.*

The Lionesse and shee Fox. Fab. 54.

THe shee Fox meeting of a Lionesse,
Amongst some wise discourses thus doth prate;
I wonder why our bodies being lesse,
We have more births, and often procreate,

For every yeare we doe produce at least
 One happy birth, and at one birth have many
 To call us mothers, while you greater-beast
 In many yeares have none, or have you any,
 Tis but one whelp. I must (quoth she) confesse
 Compar'd with foxes, Lions are but barren,
 I whelp but one, true, but a Lionesse,
 When all thy crew of cubs are arrant carren.

Morall.

*Whence we collect those creatures are most blest,
 Not that have many children, but the best.*

The Bee and Iupiter. Fab. 55.

VPon a day the active Bee,
 (The map of paines and industrie)
 To *Iupiter* the first fruits gives
 Of wax and honey of her hives,
 So good to taste, so good to smell,
Iove could not chafe but take it well,
 And was so pleas'd with her that gave it,
 Aske what she would, and she should have it.
 Great God, she saies, this I request,
 That when by man we are oppress'd,
 Stealing the honie that we make,
 (For is't not felonie to take
 The sweet from us, for which we sweat,
 Our onely sustenance and meat?)
 Such force there may be in our sting,
 That prickt therewith, it death may bring.
 When *Iupiter* had heard her suit,

A little while the God stood mute,
 Studying belike what he should say,
 (For man to him was deare alway)
 Not onely he her suit denies,
 But addeth this, thou worst of flies,
 That would'st impoison with thy sting,
 Of all our workmanship the King;
 When he from thee thy combes shall take,
 And thou on him assault doest make,
 And lose thy sting, then death shall be
 Just guerdon for thy cruelty.

Morall.

*Wish no mans harme, no nor thine enemies,
 For God in his due time will wrongs repay;
 Indure thy crosses, suffer injuries,
 Although thy goods and wealth be rane away,
 For he that gave thee them can lend thee more,
 And when he pleases, can increase thy store.*

The Falconer and Partridge. Fab. 36.

A Falconer tooke a Partridge once alive,
 And as he went to nip her on the head,
 With teares she praies, and thus to him she sed,
 Sir, if you'l spare my life, and me reprive,
 Ile play the stale, and bring into your snare
 Whole covies of my kind. Will you be true,
 And what for feare you promise will you doe?
 (Quoth he) she vowed she will, the Falconer sware,
 Were there no more, her life he would not spare,
 That would for feare of death betray a friend:
 Would every traitor had this Partridge end.

Morall.

*The traiterous person who in hope to save
His owne life by betraying of his friends,
So much the neerer drawes unto his grave,
By how much he such treacherie intends;
For every one will bury him alive,
Who to save one, would thousands else deprive.*

The Tortoise and Hare. Fab. 37.

THE Tortoise and the Hare by chance did meet,
The nimble Hare derides the Tortoise feet,
Whereat the Tortoise mov'd, doth brave and dare
To run a course with this light footed Hare.
Dull pated, as slow footed, didst thou know
(Quoth wat) my speed, thou would'st not dare me so,
But I accept the challenge, name the place,
And Judges who shall say, who wins the race;
Astutious Reynard of all brutes most cunning,
Was made the Judge of this new kind of running,
Who points the place, and doth for Justice sake
To view who wins the goale, sit at the stake.
The Tortoise laies all obstacles apart,
And makes her course with all her speed and art:
The Hare, who scorn'd her slownesse, by the way,
As foot-men use, did dance, and skip, and stay,
Meane time the slow pac'd Tortoise gathers ground,
And long before the Hare, at stake was found;
Which when the Hare perceiv'd, she did confesse,
The Tortoise wit outwent her nimbleness,

Morall.

Morall.

*Hereby we see through industrie and braine,
How slighted persons, great things may attaine,
And how the minde doth outward gifts out-run,
For what force never could, wisdom hath done.*

The Sallow and Axe. Fab. 58.

THe Sallow of all trees did first give way
To helve the Axe, so doth the fable say,
Who in requitall first of all did put
Her to the sword, and off her armes did cut
Wedges, wherewith shee might the sooner cleave:
The grieved Sallow doth the wrong perceive,
And thus in teares she doth her moane expresse;
To be hewne downe by man, I must confesse,
Doth not so much afflict mee, as to be
Mangled and torne by mine owne progenie,
And by those armes to whom I being gave,
This wounds my heart with griefe, and makes me rave.

Morall.

*In adverse time, the injuries we find
From friends untrue, or done by kin unkind,
Doth more afflict us, than wrongs done by foes;
Doubly he falls whom his owne overthrowes.*

Jupiter and the Serpent. Fab. 59.

IOve keeps his Nuptials, on which day,
All creatures to his Court repaire,

Bringing such presents as they may,
 Amongst the rest, the snake comes there,
 And in her teeth shee brings a rose,
 A dainty early fragrant flowre,
 The smell whereof ascends his nose;
 She offers it, the God doth lowre,
 And doth it utterly refuse:
 For though (quoth he) I be the King
 Of all things breathing, and doe use
 To accept the presents which they bring,
 A Serpents gift I ever hate:
 So sent her hissing forth his gate.

Morall.

*A bad mans gift, though faire in sight,
 Good men reject and banish quite:
 For its effects doe closely lurke
 In such, when most they friendly werke.*

An old man and his Wives. Fab. 60.

AN aged lecher in the spring,
 (Best time some say for marrying)
 Because he would be soundly sped,
 A brace of wives at once did wed,
 The one was young, the other old,
 Himsele twice thirty years had told:
 These three together dwelt and fed,
 The old wife oft would scratch his head,
 And that she might be held most deare,
 Pulls out those hairens did black appare,
 The younger wife that shee might hold

All the affection from the old,
A thing not hard to doe, they say,
As fast did pull out all the gray;
That in short time it came to passe,
As bald as any Coot he was;
And lookt so uncoothly and ill,
Men pittied him a while, untill
They knew the cause, but then with laughter
They mockt and gier'd him ever after.

Morall.

*From scofs and giers he cannot well be free,
That matches in old age for uenerie.*

Digresse.

*Tot many such old dotards now adates,
To match their goutie bones to wanton laies,
Count it a glorie, though they know they weare
A cap to hide their hornes, more than their haire.*

The Lion, Beare, and Fox.

Fab. 61.

A Lion, and a Beare, upon a day
With hunger bitten, went abroad to prey:
And as they ranging were upon a lawne,
They overtook and slew a tender fawne:
The Lion claim'd the prey, as his by right;
The Beare deni'd it; so they fell to fight;
And fought so fiercely, till for want of wind
Both fell to ground: the Fox, who staid behind,
And dogd them at the heels, to see the fray,
And the successe, stept in and tooke the prey
Which they contended for, and ran his way:

The Beare and Lion lying like dead stocks,
 Roare out revenge against the faucie Fox ;
 Meane while Vulpone hies him to the hole,
 Leaving the wearied warriors to condole,
 Who grieve not halfe so much for want of meat,
 As that a stinking carren should them cheat.

Morall.

*Two false at ods, a third that takes lesse paine.
 Oft times steps in, and beares away the gaine :
 So have I seene a craftie Lawyer thrive,
 By getting that, for which two Clients strive.*

The sicke Lion, Wolfe, and Fox. Fab. 63.

A Crazie Lion growing sick and old,
 Betakes him to his den and to his hold ;
 Which knowne, unto his habitation
 The beasts repaire on visitation,
 All but the Fox :
 The Wolfe that Reynard hates,
 Observing it, thus to the Lion prates ;
 Sir, be of comfort, for you now behold
 Your subjects love, though you be weake and old,
 Her's not a creature, as your grace may see,
 But loves your person, and your Majestic,
 And of their zeale to make a demonstration,
 All, but the Fox, are come to visitation,
 Reynard alone, if any ill affected,
 Tis he, since he his dutie hath neglected ;

The

The Fox comes in, as it had bin his Q,
And heard the Wolfs speech what it tended to,
And though the Lion to indignation
Was mov'd, by the Wolfes insinuation,
To shew himselfe a wise and righteous prince,
He first would heare, before he would convince;
The Fox with low obeisance doth beseech
His royall person libertie of speech.
And saies, Thrice sacred Sir, which of these by,
Hath done such service to your Grace as I?
As I poore worme, borne for no other thing,
Than thus to spend my meanes to helpe my King;
Whil'st these about your person gaze and talke,
Unto the learn'd Physicians I walke,
And now at last after great paines have found
A soveraigne salve, to make my Sovraigne sound:
Nor was my absence as some by did presse,
Out of neglect, but caus'd by carefulnesse:
For what am I, or what good should I gaine,
By reaping hatred from my Sovraigne?
The Lion, as all sicke ones health affect,
Would know the cure that he might find th'effect.
The more perhaps, for love unto the State,
Commands the Fox his medicine to relate,
Who sayes, although it homely be and plaine,
Let me your servant, pray you't not disdain,
You then must pull the Wolfes skin ore his face,
And while tis blood-warme wrap you in his case;
Sir, this ant please you's all, and easily tride.
The Lion strips the Wolfe streight out of's hide,
Whereat the Fox doth smile, the Wolfe doth bleed,
Oh might all base backbiters still so speed.

Morall.

*The Morall's double, first, a Magistrate
 Although he suffer knaves insinnate,
 And impeach others, should reserve an care,
 The just excuses of the wrong'd to heare.
 Next the malicious and backbiting tongue
 Which onely wags to doe another wrong,
 Drawes on it selfe the ruine, shame, and woe,
 In which another it would overthrow.*

The Dove. Fab. 63.

THe season being drie, the Dove with thirst
 For want of drink did faine, and almost burst;
 To quench which drought, shee takes her selfe to flight,
 And as she cuts the aire, unto her sight
 A garden house presents a painted spring
 So lively done, the Pigion flags her wing,
 Poore harmlesse bird, whose innocency deems
 That each thing is in truth, the same it seemes:
 And in her fall she haps to break her wing,
 In comes a servant and the Dove up takes,
 Breaketh her neck, and thirst for ever flakes.

Morall.

*This shewes that they which softly, safely goe,
 Who rashly worke, work their owne overthrow.*

The Husbandman and his Cattell. Fab. 64.

A Husbandman that in the field did dwell,
 Was forc't to keepe his house, the raine so fell;
 Which

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

59

Which still increasing grew to be so great,
He was compell'd his sheep and lambs to eat;
The mutton gone, the tempest doth remaine,
Untill the Oxen of the plough were slaine:
The dogs perceiving them to goe to pot,
Resolv'd to flie, I thinke 't was time to trot,
For if his labouring beasts (quoth one) he slay,
What will become of us ne're worke I pray?

Morall.

*So that we gather from the Fables telling,
With cruel masters there is no safe dwelling.*

The Husbandman and his Sons. Fab. 65.

A Husbandman that on his death-bed lay,
Having two Sons, unto them thus did say:
My sons, ye know I love you with my heart,
But I from you, and all the world must part;
All that I have to give, or leave behind,
Is yours, dig in my vineyard, ye shall find.
The Father dies, the sons in hope of treasure,
Doe delve and dig the vineyard out of measure:
Many a day they wrought, and turn'd the ground,
But not a dram of coine, or gold, they found,
Yet lost no labour, for the vineyard bore
More grapes that yeare, than it had three before.

Morall.

*Manstravell his assured treasure is,
What wealth comes otherwise is fortunes blisse:*

The

*The worlds lov'd darling, riches, oft we see
Lightly come by, is spent as lavishly;
When what we labour for and get with paine,
Does us more good, and proves the sweeter gaine.*

A Fisher and his pipes. Fab. 66.

A Foolish Fishertooke his pipe and nets,
And to the sea upon a rocke he gets,
Where merily he pipes in hope assured,
The fish with his sweet tunes would be allured:
He pipes and plaies two long houres by the clock,
The fish no more were mov'd than was the rock;
Whereat inrag'd his pipe he puts in's hose,
And to his tackling and his nets he goes,
Which happily into the sea he throwes,
And a great draught of fishes doth inclose;
Which being drawne a land and to the shore,
Danc't now as fast as he had pip'd before:
What foolish creatures are these fish, he saies,
That piping heare not, dance when no man plaies.

Morall.

*We never can expect happy successe,
From senselesse workes, or actions seasonlesse:
Preposterous pursuing of our wishes,
Is as much purpose, as to pipe to fishes.*

The Hart and Fawne. Fab. 67.

A Little wanton Fawne upon a day,
Unto his Sire, the Hart, was thus heard say:

Sir,

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

61

Sir, in mine eye, you are a lovely beast,
Well limb'd and nimble; footed for your crest,
Tis double arm'd to keep off an invade,
Why should you be of every curre afraid?
You have more strength of body, length of wind,
Than any dog of whatsoever kind.
The good old Hart smiling makes this reply,
The words my child thou speak'st are veritie,
Why we should shun the hounds as now we do
Or be at all afraid, I doe not know,
But this I have observ'd which thou mai'st marke,
Though great, we flie, though the least dog but barke.

Morall.

*Whom nature hath made cowardly and faint,
No means nor art, can make him valiant.*

The Hares. Fab. 68.

T Here was a time the generation
Of Hares did meet for consultation,
All male-contents, and wot you why, they say,
Nature ne're made such wretched wormes as they,
Obnoxious unto dangers day and night,
By men, dogs, vermine, famine, cold and kite,
With sad laments they moane their wretched state,
Praying *love* end their lives, or mend their fate;
Amend, oh never, quoth one aged Hare,
Our case is past releefe, feare and despaire
So fully hath possesst us, that we see
Even in our sleepe our eyes ne're closed be;

Wherefore

Wherefore let's put an end unto our griefe,
 Death to affliction is a quicke releefe :
 So hand in hand as they in order stood,
 They were resolv'd to run to the next flood,
 And there like loving friends at once to sinke :
 Amaine they run till comming nigh the brinke,
 A nimble frog that sate upon the banke,
 Leapt off for feare, and in the river sinke :
 Which seen, this wise old Hare cries out amaine;
 Fellows and friends, from violence abstaine,
 Live and be content, for now I see,
 That there are creatures fearfuller than we.

Morall.

*More patiently men miseries sustaine,
 When they have fellow-feelers of like paine.*

The Dog and Wolfe. Fab. 69.

A Dog lying sleeping at a stable doore,
 A Wolfe comes by, and seizing him before
 He could escape or shun him by evasion,
 Was forc'd to fall into this kind perswasion :
 Oh master Wolfe, quoth he, what do you meane ?
 If you should eat me now, I am dog leane,
 Ranke carrion, meat unfit your dainty tooth;
 But if you will forbear one month (insooth)
 My master feasts, for he his childe will wed,
 And in that time I shall be fat and fed.
 The Wolfe that lov'd his belly and good cheere,
 Lets goe the Dog, and when the month grew neer,

Returns

Returns unto the stable, where he found
The Mastiffe in the hay-loft sleeping sound,
To whom he calls, and wakens, and thused,
Friend, you remember what you promised,
Your time's at hand, and you are in good plight;
I thanke you, quoth the Dog, y'are in the right,
I now am taught for sleeping without doore,
And you to lose possession any more.

Morall.

*From dangers mouth a wise man once set free,
Will still beware of the like jeopardy.*

The Lion, Fox, and Ass. Fab. 70.

THe Lion, subrill Fox, and silly Ass,
Went out to hunt, and in an easie chace
Took a young kid, a sweet and daintie prey,
The Ass divider's made, who doth obey,
And into three parts casts the dividend,
As to his Ass-ship seems indifferent,
And into equall shares it being laid,
To take his part the Lion doth perswade;
Whereat the cholerick Lion in a rage,
Wories the Ass, his furie to asswage;
And therewithall unto the Fox converts,
Commanding Reynard to set out the parts:
The wilie Fox laies all upon one heap,
Except some fragments which himselfe doth keep,
Whose wisdom when the Lion had descride,
Best childe, quoth he, who taught thee to divide?
To whom the discreet Fox made this reply,
The Asses harme, an't like your Majestie.

Morall.

Morall.

*Where tyrants reigne tis better suffer losse,
And rest contented, than their wills to crosse;
Other mens harmes should good instructions be
For us to shun like woe, like miserie.*

The Fox and Cat. Fab. 71.

Reynard the fox, and Pus the cat,
Met by a wood to prate and chat :
The Fox was bragging of his wit,
The goodnesse, nimblenesse of it,
And how she had at least a peck
Of sleights, and tricks to save her neck,
At any pinch :
Well (quoth the Cat)
*I*ove helpe her has but one, and that
A plaine one too. The huntsman sounds
His horne unto his deep mouth'd hounds,
The Fox affrighted with the cry,
Taking no leave away did hee ;
The nimble Cat leaps to a tree,
From whence the whole course shee doth see,
How Reynard is for all his wit,
Pursu'd, run out of breath and bit,
Which scene away she homewards goes,
Not caring for such tricks as those.

Morall.

*Who builds upon the finesse of his wit,
And tricks, like Reynard here, oft bleeds for it.*

The Ass

The Ass and two Travellers. Fab. 72.

TWO friends there were (mine Author saies)
Which travell'd out of all high waies,
And as they went it came to passe,
Fortune presents them with an Ass;
Sadled, and bridled with a bit,
And all things for a journey fit:
But when no owner they espie,
They strive whose is the propertie;
Like friends at first they plead their right,
When words nil serve, they fall to fight:
And whil' st they unfriendly blowes do deale,
The Ass away from both doth steale.

Morall.

*Thus greedy persons often thrive,
In losing that for which they strive.*

The Wolfe and Crow. Fab. 73.

OVer the Alps, a Wolfe a journey goes,
Being all the way accompanied with Crows;
Who in his travell happed on a day,
Upon a liberall and a dainty prey;
The Crows therein would claime a share, and why?
Because they kept the traveller company:
I thanke you not, replies the Wolfe, ye take
This paines for your owne ends, not for my sake:
Should I fall sick and die, which Iove defend,
I feare for all the love you doe pretend,
The seeming 't friend among 't you, would not stick
To be the first that would mine eyes out pick.

E

Morall:

Morall.

Your Rookes in this our age are like these Crows,
In prosperous daies, they le flatter, cog, and glose,
In hope of prey: but fall into distresse,
They le sooner adde affliction than redresse:
Then wisely judge e're deare experience find,
The difference twixt fained love and loyall mind.

The Fishermen and Mercurie. Fab. 74.

THE stars to Fishermen were so propitious,
They once of shel-fish tooke a mightie draught,
Whereof they eat so much they were suspicious
They had some ague, or some surfet caught:
They ate, kept, sold, they gave away and spent,
Yet each had more than he knew well to use;
Their heads they lay together how to vent
Them while they re sweet, as they are in this muse,
Hermes comes by, and him they did invite
To taste their eates, as yet were fresh and good:
The God who knew their thoughts doth set it
For as he was a God, he understood
Their invitation was not for good will, (slyly)
But what they could not keepe, to helpe them spend:
Rude churles replies, reserve your fish untill
It stinke for me, I hold him for no friend,
Tenders another what he cannot eat,
So rich men bid the poore to their cold meat.

Morall.

Rich chuffes are taxt here, or their vanity,
Whoe bids not friends out of humanitie,

Or

Or for loves sake, but that their gifts may show,
What cheere they have, and in what wealth they grow:

The dancing Apes. Fab. 75.

OF all earths creatures next to humane shape,
Sense, reason, knowledge, Imitation,
None comes so neer, as the ingenious Ape;
A beast (saith *Plinie*) apt to education,
Of nimble foot, quick eye, attentive eare:
Of these apt Apes, a King once kept a crew,
All which such skilfull active dancers were,
Great Lords and Ladies came from far to view
Their feats and sports, which made them all admire,
New active measures and new tunes they had,
Suted they were in strange, but rich attire,
A merrie fellow once (or else a mad)
Who came to see these revells, or by chance,
Or purposely, into his pocket puts
(As Ladies sweet meats for their sustenance)
Good store of Philberds, and of hazell nuts:
The dancers enter, and their tricks they do
Beyond report and expectation:
All the spectators tane are with the shew,
But now behold a pleasant alteration:
While they are busie, cast into a ring,
And lovingly hold hands, and dance the round,
His nuts amongst the dancers he doth fling,
Which doth all measure, time, and tune confound,
No sooner one perceives and smells the fruit,
But he lets goe his hold and stoops to take it,
Here lies a vizard, there a rattard suit,
This masker shewes his fellows shoulders naked,

That takes his next companion by the face,
 Never was seene till then a true French brall,
 They had forgot their taught curranto pace,
 And now they dance the battell naturall:

This was a change their master never taught,
 A chance which no spectator looked after,
 Which pleas'd the more, because beyond their thought,
 The King and all the hall burst out in laughter
 And for this sport the merry knave he thanked,
 And in requitall tooke him to the banquet.

Morall.

*It is as hard a thing to change our nature,
 As for to adde a cubit to the stature:
 Rich clothes may change the outside of an Ape,
 But cannot alter nature with the shape:
 For to each thing where nature is instinct,
 Th' affections of the spirit are so link't,
 That though with force thy nature hence thou chase,
 Shee'll straight revert againe unto her place.*

The gald Asse and Fox. Fab. 76.

A Silly Asse whose o'reworne burthened back
 With many a heavy load, and grievous pack
 Was growne so gald, that each small sucking flie
 Increas'd his torment and his maladie,
 Flings, winches, kicks, and whisks about his taile,
 Yet nought to move these lecches would availe.
 But still the more he stirs, more close they stick;
 Upon the ground at length he lies heart-sick,
 And prays the Fox which then by chance he spies,
 With his bushy taile to brush away the flies:

The Fabulist metamorphosed.

69

How long good friend (replies the Fox) have thus
These insects to your back beene grievous?
Alas (kind Sir) this senight quoth the Ass,
I've beene so bitten that a blade of grasse,
Which every neighbouring beast about me crops,
Hath not beene scene within my jaw-falne chops:
And doe they bite as bad as first they did
Quoth Reynard? Oh good sir, the Gods forbid
The Ass replies, for should they bite so fierce,
These and the Vultures mawes, had beene my herse
Long time e're now: why then Vulpone cryes,
To have them off, me thinks you are not wise,
For should I sweepe these, which are glutted here,
And leave your gald back bare without defence,
New swarmes of hunger-sterv'd malignant flies
Would ope new pores, and suck new spiritities;
Let these alone, you can but bitten bee,
Full gorg'd suck gently, empty hungrily.

The Lärke and her Young. Fab. 77.

THis mounting Chorister in field
Of wheat, her house, or nest, doth build;
Which e're her prettie brood were fledg
Grew ready for the sickles edge;
She knowing well, upon a day,
Thus to her little birds did say:
When I abroad am flowne, give care
If ought about this corne you heare;
For doubtlesse 'twill not long remaine
Here standing, lest it shed the graine:
Away she flies, th' obedient birds
Doe promise to observe her words.

The

The owner and his son to see
 How ripe the wheat growes, instantly
 Approach, and thus the youngest fellow
 Saies, Sir, me thinks this wheat lookes yellow,
 Tis more than time the same were cut,
 Fetch'd home, and in the garner put :
 This after-noone the father saies,
 I'de have thee son, to goe thy waies
 Unto our neighbours, and our friends
 And pray them that they would attend,
 With sickles sharpe to morrow morne,
 To helpe us reape this field of corne:
 This said, away the owners part :
 The peeping fooles with panting heart,
 As soone as e're their dam returns,
 Recounts this newes, which she not mourner,
 But thus removes from them their sorrow;
 If on their neighbours helpe to morrow
 The father and the son relie,
 We have no cause my chicks, to flie :
 For friends and neighbours few there be
 Helpe any in necessitie,
 But this excuse or that deniall,
 Answer such as doe make triall ;
 The father and the son next day
 Expected till the morning gray,
 All azure chang'd by *Sols* high beame ;
 But neither sickle, friend, nor teame
 Appeard, at which the senior said,
 Our friends nil come I am afraid ;
 I'de have thee therefore goe (my sonne)
 This evening after milking done

And

And pray our kindred in the morne
 To helpe us in this field of come;
 He answers, yes; away they went:
 The larklings doe afresh lament,
 And to their dam in wofull wise,
 Repeat their latter passages.
 Content your selves my prettie ones,
 The Larke replies, and cease your moanes;
 Their kin on whom they now depend,
 Will use them doubtlesse as their friend;
 For kinsfolke in these daies are slack,
 Their neereft blood to helpe or back;
 If friends and neighbours come not in,
 We need not stir for feare of kin.
 Next morne the pearles exhaled were
 From the ripe wheates gilded eare,
 And the chanting Larke on high,
 Warbled natures harmonie;
 The houre before Meridian drew
 Neare, which by Phœbus height they knew;
 But neither kith nor kin drew nigh,
 To act the ripe cornes tragedie:
 Whereat inrag'd the father saies,
 Well, friends, and kindred, goe your waies,
 If e're you chance my aide to want,
 Like curtesie ye shew, Ile grant.
 This afternoone see that you get
 Our sickles, and them keenely whet;
 And thou, and I, to morrow morne,
 Will set our selves to cut this corne:
 Which newes being told unto the Larke,
 More seriously she gan to marke,

And

And having pondered well the words,
You marry (quoth he) my deare blade,
Tis time to trudge, for now I see
The old man, no more mocks will be;
Since he himselfe resolves to doe
What friend nor kin would yeeld unto.

Morall.

He that hath power himselfe to make his end,
Ought not rely for helpe, on kin, or friends;
For he that onely will on such depend,
For meanes or helpe, may perish in the end.

Imprimatur. **Gill. Bray.**

June 9. 1634.

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